ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath beene the ſpoyle of me.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeauen times a weeke, went to Bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed there or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Noſe of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dives* that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuē to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oath ſhould be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuē ouer; and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou runſt vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire there's no purchaſe in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euerlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: But the Sacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my Pocket? *Enter hoſt.*

Hoſt. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you thinke, *Sir Iohn*? do you think I keepe theeues in my houſe, I haue ſearcht, I haue enquired, ſo haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant by ſeruant: the tight of a haire was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie Hoſteſſe, *Bardol* was ſhau'd, and loſt many a haire: and Ile be ſworne my Pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Hoſ. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſ. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, & now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

Hoſ. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe money heere beſides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſ. He? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How; poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Noſe, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall haue my pocket pickt? I haue loſt a ſeale Ring of my Grandfathers worth fortie marke.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, I haue heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the *Prince* is a Iacke, a ſneak-cup: Zbloud and hee were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meets him Playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore, faith, Muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; Newgate faſhion.

Hoſ. My Lord, I pray you heare me.